

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

O R,

4

The BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

Translated from HOMER.

B Y

Batrachomumachia
English K.

A LAND-WAITER in the Port of POOLE!

With some

ADDITIONAL POEMS

By the same HAND.

The Batrachomumachia of HOMER is indeed a beautiful Piece of Railery; in which a great Writer might delight to unbend himself; an Instance of that agreeable trifling which hath been at some Time or other indulged by the finest Geniusses; and the Offspring of that amusing and chearful Humour which generally accompanies the Character of a rich Imagination, like a Vein of Mercury running mingled with a Mine of Gold. ... Pope.

L O N D O N:

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TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
J O H N,
L O R D H I N T O N.

MY LORD,

AS I had the Honour to receive Part of my Education in the same School with your Lordship; so I hope you will indulge me in the Gratification of an Ambition I long ago entertain'd of publishing the following Performance with your Name prefixed to it.

I am sure, my Lord, I shall not incur the Imputation of Flattery if I say you are too well acquainted with the Character and Writings of Homer to stand in Need of any Information from me concerning them; and I do not question but you have read the Original with more Pleasure than the Translation can possibly give you.

I therefore only beg Leave to congratulate your Lordship upon the Distinction which hath lately been shewn you by His Majesty; and that your Actions may deserve the Continuance of the Royal Favour is the honest and hearty Wish of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

Humble Servant,

H. PRICE.

Names

Of the

F R O G S.

Borborocætes.
Calaminthius.
Crambophagus.
Craugasides.
Hydrocharis.
Hydromedusa.
Hypsiboas.
Limnisius.
Limnocharis.
Peleus.
Polion.
Pelobates.
Pelusius.
Prasæus.
Physignathus.
Polyphonus.
Praslophagus.
Sentlæus.

Names

Of the

M I C E.

Artepibulus.
Artophagus.
Cnissodioctes.
Embasiichytros.
Lichenor.
Lichopinax.
Lichomyle.
Meridarpax.
Pternotroctes.
Pternoglyphus.
Pternophagus.
Psicharpax.
Sitophagus.
Troxartes.
Tyroglyphus.
Trogloodytes.

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

BATTLE of the *Frogs* and *Mice*.



MAY the Nine from *Helicon* inspire
My kindling Breast with their celestial Fire;
While to the World I write of War, and sing
What endless Labours from Contention spring,
What mov'd the *Mice* (undaunted as the Pow'rs
That seal'd the Heav'ns, and shook their lofty Tow'rs)
To fill the frighted Fields with loud Alarms,
And dare the croaking Race to Deeds of Arms.

It chanc'd a *Mouse*, whom *Puss* had close pursu'd,
Near the green Margin of a River stood,
And careless now of ev'ry Danger, sought
To cool his Thirst with a refreshing Draught;
When fam'd *Phrygnathus* the Wand'rer spy'd,
And to him sudden from the Waters cry'd:

A

Say,

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

Say, Who art thou? What Business brought thee here?
Tell whence thou cam'st, nor be controul'd by Fear.
Who is it boasts himself the Sire of thee?
Declare the Truth, and nought but Truth to me.
If thou to Friendship's holy Ties art bent,
Soon will I bring thee to our Royal Tent;
Soon shall our honorary Presents tell
How much I rev'rence those who merit well.
I am *Phyſignathus*, whose boundless Sway
All those that breath within this Lake obey;
And where *Eridanus* extends his Shore;
Hydromedusa me to *Peleus* bore.
Thou too, methinks, art of a Kingly Mien;
Fair is thy Form, and beauteous to be seen:
Dauntless at Danger in the Field of Death;
Speak, tell me then from whom thou drew'st thy Breath.
He ceas'd; and scornful thus the *Mouſe* began:
Hast thou ne'er seen the Prince that calls me Son?
Sure not a few of those who dwell below,
As well as Gods above my Parents know.
From great *Troxartes*' gen'rous Loins I came;

Troxartes

Troxartes bade *Pficharpax* be my Name :
But fair *Lichomyle*, my Mother, springs
From *Pternotroches*, once a King of Kings.
Nought for their Best-belov'd they deem'd too good ;
Figs, Nuts, and Sweet-meats were my daily Food.
But since thy Nature differs so from mine,
How can I ever be a Friend of thine ?
Thou in the Waters, I on Earth must live,
And share with Men what they refuse to give.
Mine is their finest Bread, their Tarts are mine,
I eat their Cheeses, and I drink their Wine ;
In vain from me, conceal'd, their Bacon lies ;
In vain their butter'd Buns and sugar'd Pies ;
In vain their whitest Tripe and honey'd Cake,
And ev'ry luscious Bit the skilful Cook can make.
Nor am I startled, at its dire Alarms,
When Batttle bids me sheath my Limbs in Arms ;
But forth I rush, unconscious then of Fear,
And with the foremost, flames my shining Spear ;
Puss and the *Hawk* my Soul alike abhors ;
Against our Kind they wage eternal Wars.

With

7 *BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:*

With equal Care I fly the faithless Gin,
That harbours Ruin and Deceit within.—
But more than all the rav'nous Cat I shun;
For she pursues me wheresoe'er I run.
Besides, the various Roots that nourish you
Who haunt the Stream, can never feed me too.

Then with a Smile *Phygnathus* reply'd ;
Forbear to boast with such an Air of Pride:
We too our Dainties from the Land may take
To feast a Friend, as well as from the Lake.
This happy Choice our Race receiv'd from *Jove*,
To dwell in Water, or on Earth to rove.
But if thy Fancy lead thee to behold,
And know the Truth of what thou hast been told;
Seize with a firm Embrace my proffer'd Sides,
Lest thou shouldst perish in the whelming Tides:
While on these Shoulders I thy Weight support,
And bear thee through the Stream in Safety to my Court.

He ceas'd; and strait *Psicharpax* with a Bound
Leaps on his Back, and throws his Arms around.
At first with Joy the Neighbouring Banks he view'd,

And

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 5

And how *Phygnathus* his Way purfu'd:
But when he felt the Waves with secret Dread
To roar, and foam, and thunder o'er his Head,
He rent his Hair, and curst his hapless Fate;
He blam'd his Folly, but alas! too late.
Close were his Feet contracted to his Breast;
Grief and Despair his lab'ring Thoughts oppress:
He strove to see the Shore, but strove in vain;
Deeply he sigh'd; his Sighing told his Pain;
Help he had none, but what his Tail supply'd,
To stem the Fury of the raging Tide,
That was his Oar, and That he hop'd would save
His rescu'd Body from the liquid Grave.
Nor did he cease to call on Heav'n for Aid;
Till interrupted by the Flood he said:
Not thus the *Bull* in former Ages bore
His beauteous * *Mistress* to the *Cretan* Shore;
As this dissembling, hateful *Frog* conveys
My wretched Weight through the resounding Seas.

* *Europa*

Scarce

6 - *BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:*

Scarce had he spoke, a frightful Snake appear'd,
And o'er the Waves his tow'ring Crest was rear'd.
Soon as *Phygnathus* the Monster spy'd,
Swift down he sunk beneath the tumbling Tide;
Escap'd the Death he well deserv'd to find,
And unregarded left his Friend behind;

Meantime the helpless Mouse, deserted, lay
Toft by the Billows on the Watry Way.
His shiv'ring Limbs proclaim his mighty Fear,
To see the Fate, he wish'd to shun, so near.
Now lies he buried in the liquid Graves,
Now floats he struggling on the topmost Waves.
At length with various Scenes of Sorrow prest,
And much incumber'd by his Hairy Vest,
He yields, reluctant, to the Stroke of Death,
And in these Words consumes his latest Breath.

Think not this impious Deed shall always lie
Conceal'd from righteous Heav'n's beholding Eye:
The Gods, *Phygnathus*! the Gods will shed
Their direful Vengeance on thy perjur'd Head.
An equal Match by Land I was for thee,

Tho' thou art more accustom'd to the Sea;
But know, perfidious Prince! with like Disdain
My gallant Friends shall stretch thee on the Plain;
Shall doom thy trembling, guilty Shade to dwell
With those whose Punishment is deepest Hell.

Thus having spoke, amidst the Waves he dies,
And endless Slumber seals his darken'd Eyes.

It chanc'd as near the flow'ry Banks he stood,
Lichopinae th' expiring Hero view'd.

With hideous Howling swift he ran to tell
How lost *Pficharpae* in the Waters fell.

Soon as the *Mice* the dreadful News receiv'd,
For lost *Pficharpae* ev'ry one was griev'd.

Strait were the Heralds order'd to proclaim,
That when the Day should first o'er Ocean flame,

The banded Legions, hastning, must resort
To the sad *S* Monarch's melancholy Court;

Whose Son, far distant from the River's Side,
Lay floating, breathless, on the driving Tide.

§ *Troxartes.*

Now

Now soon as Morn appear'd, the Troops obey,
 And to the Place appointed speed their Way;
 When thus *Troxartes*, rising o'er the rest,
 With gloomy Looks the listning Chiefs addrest.

Altho' the *Frogs* have injur'd me of late,
 Yet all are subject to be crush'd by Fate.
 But such a Loss what Father ever bore?
 Three Sons I had, and now they are no more!
 One by the Cat's superior Strength was kill'd,
 Another's Blood by Men unpitying spill'd,
 As in the treach'rous Trap ensnar'd he lay,
 And to the curst Invention fell a Prey.
Psicharpax last (by me distinguish'd more
 Than all the Children e'er I had before,
 And by his Mother through the World renown'd)
 In the wild Deep *Phygnathus* hath drown'd.
 Come then, my Friends, the hostile Race invade,
 And let your Limbs in Armor be array'd,

Thus he: His Speech each gen'rous Breast alarm'd,
 And *Mars* himself the hardy Warriors arm'd;

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 3

First round their Legs the circling Greaves were clos'd,
Which the thin Rind of foodful Beans compos'd,
A Cat's-Skin next, with curious Labour drest,
And stuck with Feathers, serv'd to guard the Breast;
Bright polish'd Bucklers, form'd of lucid Horn,
The little Soldiers loaded Hands adorn.
A brazen Needle ev'ry Hero bore,
And ev'ry Head a hollow Nut-shell wore,
Such were the *Mice*! So on the Plain thy stood
Breathing Revenge and Slaughter, War and Blood!

Now when to the proud *Frogs* these Tidings came,
They all with eager Haste forsook the Stream;
And to one Place retiring fought to know
How they might best prevent th' impending Blow.

But while they sat, attentive with Surprise,
And wondring whence this Tumult should arise,
Full in their View *Embafichytros* stands;
(The glitt'ring Scepter grac'd his holy Hands)
And thus the Chief, secure from hostile Harms,
Invites 'em forth to prove their Strength in Arms.

8 *BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:*

To what the *Mice* propose, ye *Frogs!* attend
And hear the Message which by me they send:
They, to revenge *Psicharpax*, whom your Lord
Drown'd in the Deep, regardless of his Word,
Defy th' assembled Forces you can boast,
And dare the noblest of your armed Host.

He ceas'd, and frowning from the Place retir'd:
His threatening Speech the listning Audience fir'd:
At length, with Words like these the * Monarch rose
To hush their Murmurs, and their Wrath compose.

Friends! not to me *Psicharpax* owes his Death,
Nor did I see him lab'ring out his Breath.
Like us to pass the Stream the Hero try'd,
And for his Boldness in the Stream he dy'd.
Yet these aloud for Vengeance call, and bring
Their impious Arms against your blameless King,
Rouse then, ye Warriors! all your Thoughts employ,
To combat, conquer, and the Race destroy.
But first to what I counsel lend an Ear,
Let all our Legions on the Banks appear

* *Physignathus.*

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 11

Arm'd for the Fight, that when their Troops prepare
With eager Fury to commence the War,
Each Chief, secure, may seize his nearest Foe,
And hurl him backwards to the Lake below.
So shall their treach'rous Armies soon be slain,
Unskill'd by swimming how the Shore to gain;
While we victorious raise our Trophies on the Plain.

He said——In Arms their Limbs the Chiefs infold,
And the broad Mallows ^{round} on their Legs are roll'd:
Wide verdant Beets a fenceful Breast-plate yield,
And Leafs of Colworts form their easy Shield:
A pointed Bulrush ev'ry Hero bears,
And ev'ry Head a shelly Helmet wears.
Thus on the Banks the fearless Squadrons stand,
Their Javelins brandish, and the Fight demand.

Now thundring *Jove* bids ev'ry Pow'r resort
To the bright Mansions of his starry Court:
From thence they view'd with Pleasure mix'd with Pain
The shining Hosts advancing o'er the Plain:
In dreadful Pomp each Warrior march'd along,
Fierce as the Centaurs, as the Giants strong,

11 B A T R A C H O M U O M A C H I A :

Whose daring Sons, by wild Ambition driv'n,
Rent up the Hills, and lifted Earth to Heav'n.
At length, the Sov'reign Father smiling said,
To whom, ye Gods! will you vouchsafe yur Aid?
Then thus to *Pallas*, wise above the rest,
The gracious Being these few Words addrest:

Daughter! to help the Mice dost thou design,
Since they for ever haunt thy holy Shrine,
Pleas'd with the grateful Scents that constant rise
From thy frequented Altar to the Skies?

He ceas'd; and this Reply the Goddess gave:
Never shall *Pallas* lift her Arm to save
Th' injurious Race that impudently dare
To vex my Quiet, and augment my Care;
That still to spoil my Flow'ry Chaplets strive,
And of their Oil the sacred Lamps deprive.
Gnaw'd is my Veil (and this afflicts me more
Than all I suffer'd from the Thieves before)
That Veil, wrought by myself! which seem'd to shine
With matchless Skill, and speak the Hand divine.

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 13

Nor shall the *Frogs* by me be rais'd to Fame,
Since they, when from the Field of Blood I came,
Spent by long Labours, by long Toils oppress'd,
(Fools as they were!) presum'd to break my Rest.
With aking Head and sleepless Eyes I lay,
Till the loud Cock proclaim'd the dawning Day.
Cease then, ye Gods! to aid the warring Bands,
Lest ye should feel the Force of mortal Hands,
Be Heav'n the Seat of our Abode To-day,
Pleas'd to look down from hence, and view the horrid Fray.

So spake the Goddess: All the Pow'rs approv'd,
And to one Place with one Consent they mov'd:
While the loud *Hornets*, issuing forth in Sight,
To either Host proclaim'd th' approaching Fight;
Their breathing Trumpets rattled through the Sky,
And *Jove* in Thunder told the War was nigh.

By brave *Hypsiboas* first *Lichenor* dies;
The pointed Javelin through his Navel flies:
Prone sinks the breathless Body on the Plain,
And Dust and Gore the beauteous Hairs distain.

Great *Pelion* next, as o'er the Field he rag'd,
Troglodytes, victorious Chief! engag'd:
 Deep in the *Frog* his Spear a Passage found,
 And the warm Soul came rushing through the Wound:
 Pierc'd in the Heart *Embafchitros* lies
 By bold *Seutlaus*. *Poliphonus* dies;
 To stern *Artophagus* his Death he owes;
 The Warrior falls, away the Spirit goes.
Limnocharis, who heard his Friend's last Groan,
 Hurl'd at *Troglodytes* a weighty Stone;
 Full on the Middle of his Neck it rung,
 And sudden Darknefs o'er his Eye balls hung.
 At him his Javelin strong *Lichenor* sent;
 Th' unerring Weapon through his Liver went.
Crambophagus, astonish'd, leaves the Plain,
 And to the River flies, but flies in vain,
 Ev'n there the Chief pursu'd him, there he dy'd;
 The sanguine C . . nt stain'd the Silver Tide:
 His mangled Carcass, dawb'd with filthy Gore,
 And his hot Entrails smoke upon the Shore.
 Next him to Fate *Tyroglyphus* succeeds;
 The hoary Hero by *Limnifus* bleeds.

But *Calaminthus*, smit with secret Dread,
From proud *Pfernoglyphus* ignobly fled;
His unavailing Buckler thrown aside,
And trembling div'd beneath the friendly Tide:
Hydrocharis a rocky Fragment flung,
That on *Pfernophagus*'s Forehead rung;
Forth from his Nostrils flow'd the gushing Brains;
The red Effusion sprinkled all the Plains.
Next on the Banks *Borborocates* dies;
Lichopinax in Slumber seals his Eyes.
Crassophagus Cnissodictes takes
First by the Foot, and drowns him in the Lakes.
Meantime *Pficharpax*, touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
Revenge'd his lost Companions on the Foe,
And in *Pelusius*' Belly lodg'd his Dart,
That rent the Liver, and transfix'd the Heart;
Before his Feet the wounded Warrior fell,
His airy Shadow sought the Realms of Hell.
Globates ran hastning to the Flood,
And furious fill'd his daring Hand with Mud;
Swift at the *Moufe* the slimy Vengeance flies
Just, it almost plaisters up his Eyes.

Down stoops the Chief to Earth, and from below
 Lifts a large Stone, and drives it at the Foe,
 The pondrous Ruin, faithful to its Trust,
 Broke his Right-leg, and stretch'd him in the Dust.
 The Victor now *Craugasides* defies;
 And lo! beneath his Arm the Victor dies;
 His inmost Belly feels the fatal Wound,
 His rushing Bowels tumble to the Ground.
Sitophagus confounded at the Sight,
 Receded limping from the glorious Fight,
 Opprest with Grief, and wrapt in deep Despair,
 He sought the secret Ditch, and trembled there.

But now the great *Physignathus* appear'd,
 Back ~~struck~~ the Mice, and own'd how much they fear'd,
Troxartes only stood the doubtful Chance,
 And eager at his Foe dismiss'd the vengeful Lance.
 Pain'd with the Stroke the vig'rous Hero gave,
 Sudden the *Frog* descends into the Wave.
Troxartes still pursu'd him through the Flood,
 Wild with Revenge impatient for his Blood,

But

But hasty to his Aid *Prassans* sprung,
And his sharp Bulrush at the Warrior flung:
The harmless Weapon hiss'd along the Field,
Nor touch'd the Chief, nor pierc'd his fenciful Shield.

Among the *Mice* a Youth there was renown'd
Beyond the rest, with Strength and Valour crown'd:
From good *Artepibulus*' Loins he came,
And *Meridarpax* was the Hero's Name.
Tow'ring in Arms this sprightly Warrior shone,
Proud of his Might, exulting, and alone
Where the red Stream with Blood was seen to flow,
And threaten'd singly to destroy the Foe.
Now had he finish'd all his Rage design'd;
(For great his Strength, unconquer'd was his Mind)
But partial *Jove* with pitying Eyes survey'd
The croaking Race, and to th' Immortals said.

Surely, ye Gods! of all yon dauntless Host
Great *Meridarpax* moves our Wonder most:
With matchless Might he vows to range the Field,
And ev'ry Foe to matchless Might must yield;

18 *BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:*

Let therefore *Pallas* join'd with *Mars* descend
To check his Fury, and the *Frogs* defend.
So spake the Pow'r who shakes the boundless Skies;
And the stern God of Battle thus replies:

Vain will be *Pallas*', and our Arm as vain
To save the *Frogs*, and drive him from the Plain.
Let all go down his Vengeance to controul,
Or bid thy Thunders crush his daring Soul,
Those Thunders whose resistless Rage o'erthrew
Enceladus and all his ghastly Crew.

He ceas'd; and strait th' Eternal from on high
Darts the bright Terrors through the burning Sky;
Leap the red Bolts, impetuous, from his Hand;
Olympus shakes, both Armies trembling stand.
Yet still the *Mice* their Enemies pursu'd,
And doom'd to certain Death the croaking Brood:
But fav'ring *Jove*, their Ruin to prevent,
A frightful Troop to their Assistance sent.

' Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
' They march, a sudden unexpected Crew!

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 19

- ' Strong Suits of Armor round the Bodies close,
- ' Which like thick Anvils, blunt the Force of Blows;
- ' In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go;
- ' With Harpy-claws their Limbs divide below:
- ' Fell Sheers the Passage to their Mouth command;
- ' From out the Flesh their Bones by Nature stand;
- ' Broad spread their Backs, their shining Shoulders rise;
- ' Unnumber'd Joints distort their lengthen'd Thighs:
- ' With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd;
- ' Their round black Eye-balls in their Bosom plac'd:
- ' On eight long Feet the wondrous Warriors tread;
- ' And either End alike supplies a Head.
- ' To call these *Crabs* the Wits of Earth agree;
- ' The Gods have other Names for Things than we.'

Now tow'rds the *Mice* th' approaching Bands advance,
And bend or break th' unprofitable Lance.

Next on their Hands the Monsters seize, nor fail
From the torn Body to divide the Tail.

At length, unequal to sustain the Fight,

They sought for Safety by inglorious Flight.

The Lines mark'd with the *Commas* are the late Mr. Arch-deacon *Parnell's*.

Mean Time the Sun departed from our View,
And the War ended as his Rays withdrew.



T O

The L A D Y ———

FROM fawning Crouds, and Noise and Strife,
To rural Ease, and private Life,
You, Madam, with the Spring remove;
And who can blame what you approve?
Gay as the Season of the Year
Does the delightful † Place appear,
And Art and Nature jointly meet
To make it, as it is, compleat.
Here drawn at length by *Kneller's* Hands
The Majesty of *Britain* stands.
In that Apartment, drest for War,
Terribly shines the fierce *Bavar*.

† Charborough, in Dorset-shire.

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 21

Aloft, by *Thornhill's* wondrous Skill,
On fabled *Ida's* fruitful Hill,
The *Phrygian* Shepherd sits to keep
His dear *Oenone's* harmless Sheep.
Imperial *Juno* from above,
And chaste *Minerva*, born of *Jove*,
With wanton Beauty's softer Queen
Descend and tread the flow'ry Green.
Each wou'd the glitt'ring Apple claim;
And unrestrain'd by Fear or Shame
Switt to the Youth they speed their Way,
And ev'ry hidden Charm display.
He hears the Promises they make;
But soon for Love and *Hellen's* Sake
The golden Prize to *Venus* gives,
And in his Father's Palace lives.
Not long—to *Greece* the Hero flies,
And meets the Fair with lustful Eyes:
She listens to the blooming Boy,
And with him seeks his boasted *Troy*.
Here breathing Statues, graceful, stand
And praise the Workman's forming Hand:

22 **BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:**

There taller Trees, triumphant, rise
In beauteous Order to the Skies,
And spread, with annual Verdure crown'd,
Their venerable Shades around.

Hither the †Chief (whose deathless Name
Shall live in Verse, and grow in Fame)

From publick View in Peace retir'd,

Nor popular Applause desir'd.

Taught by his righteous Sword to yield,

The daring *Spaniard* left the Field;

And *Gallic Lewis* shook with Fear,

Whene'er his conqu'ring Troops drew near.

But now no more with hostile Blood

He drowns the Plain, or swells the Flood;

Deep in the Dust the Warrior lies;

For ever lost to mortal Eyes!

Watch then the Tomb, and o'er it weep,

In which his awful Ashes sleep;

And teach your Children to admire,

And emulate their martial Fire.

† The late General Earle;



S U P P L I C A T I O N

F O R

The L A D Y ———.

I.

LORD of the World, whose Pow'r is known
Through Heav'n and Earth, and Air and Sea;
Look down with Pity from thy Throne,
And hear the Vows we make to thee;

II.

Preserve the Dame for whom we mourn,
For whom we shed these tender Tears;
O! let her wonted Strength return,
And with her Strength increase her Years.

III.

See! prostrate on the Couch she lies;
Around the pious Poor complain;
For what to her thy Hand supplies,
To them she freely gives again.

IV.

If therefore she should yield her Breath,

How will the pious Poor lament?

And still be poorer by the Death

Of her who did their Wants prevent.

V

Spare then her Life; 'tis all we ask;

Nor suffer Fate to strike her now;

'Twill be for us too hard a Task

To live without her here below.



T O

Thomas Ridge, *Esq;*

WHILE you alike from Books and Friends retire,
And mourn with filial Duty o'er your Sire;

We at this Distance, Sir! confess your Grief,

And think it all in vain to seek Relief.

No more the careful Pilot's skilful Hands

Direct our Ships to visit other Lands;

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 25

For her lov'd Spouse the Wife no longer fears;
Thou and thy Father claim her tend'rest Tears.
Our hardy Youths, who lately scorn'd the Shore,
And dauntless heard the threatening Tempest roar;
Fly from the well-known Dangers of the Sea,
And learn with one Consent to grieve like thee.
Thee! and thy mournful Mother! how she stands!
And beats her Breast! and wrings her aged Hands!
Then her warm Lips to his cold Cheek applies,
And baths it with the Drops that trickle from her Eyes!
Ah cease, unhappy! cease thy Tears to shed;
'Tis not in thee to move the stubborn dead:
Vain are thy Vows, and fruitless is thy Pray'r,
For unembod' d Spirits flit in Air.
* She too who glitt'ring with unrival'd Charms,
Receiv'd the gen'rous † *Harvey* in her Arms,
Now shuns her Lord, declines his fond Embrace,
And keeps conceal'd the Beauties of her Face.
The sparkling Diamond, in the Ring display'd,
Th' embroider'd Mantle, and the rich Brocade

* *Miss Ridge.*

† Son to the Earl of *Bristol*.

166 *BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:*

Delight no more, no more her Mind inspire
With pleasing Hopes, gay Thoughts, and young Desire;
All only serve to aggravate her Woe;
And deeper in her Heart descends the Blow.
Be thou then kind and good, nor ever cease
Thy pious Labour till thou bring them Ease;
And let thy Mother and thy Sister see
A Husband and a Father still in thee:
So shall the Muse rejoice to sing thy Praise,
And make thy Deed the Subject of her Lays.

Man that is born of a Woman, &c.

I.

HOW short, how narrow is the Span!
How few the Years allow'd to Man!
And ev'n in those few Years he feels,
And groans beneath a thousand Ills.

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 57

II

As springs the Flow'r in some gay Mead,
Then sudden hangs its drooping Head:
So does our boasted Strength decay,
And like the Shadow fly away:

III.

For ev'ry Moment that we breathe,
'Tis hastning to the Gates of Death;
And who can needful Help afford
In that sad Hour, but thou, O LORD?

IV.

Conscious of Guilt to thee we cry,
And raise the Hand, and lift the Eye;
Yet sure our Sins may justly move
Thine Anger rather than thy Love;

V.

But, O most holy! most ador'd!
Superior King! Almighty Lord!
Have Mercy when we yield our Breath,
Nor doom us to eternal Death;

VI.

The Secrets of our Hearts are known

To thee, O GOD! and thee alone:

Be gracious then, and let us find

Thee ever Good, and ever Kind.

F I N I S.

